

# Jog Along Till Shearing

The song was collected from Joe Cashmere of Sylvania by Russel Ward et al and sung to the popular tune 'Bow! Wow! Wow!'. The original song came to notice in about 1760 with many verses that likened various folk to dogs with the catchy chorus of the title. Many popular songs used the tune including 'The Barking Barber' and the risqué 'Miss Tickle Tovey's School'.

Verse

The truth, is in my song so clear, with - - out a word of gam - mon:

The swag - men trav - el all the year a - - wait - ing for the lamb - in'.

Now when this dirt - y work is done, to the near - est shan - ty steer - ing,

They meet a friend, their mon - ey spend, then jog a - long till shear - ing.

Chorus

And it's Home sweet home, That is what they left it for, Their home sweet home

Now when the shearing season comes, they hear the price that's going;  
New arrivals meet old chums, then they start their blowing.  
They say that they can shear each day their hundred pretty handy,  
But eighty sheep is no child's play if the wool is dense and sandy.

Now when the sheds are all cut out, they get their bit of paper;  
To the nearest pub they run they cut a dashing caper.  
They call for liquor plenty and they're happy while they're drinking,  
But where to go when the money's done it's little they are thinking.

Sick and sore next morning they are when they awaken.  
To have a drink of course they must to keep their nerves from shakin'.  
They call for one and then for two in a way that's rather funny,  
Till the landlord says, 'Now, this won't do; you blokes have got no money.'

They're sleeping on verandahs and they're lounging on the sofas;  
For to finish up their spree they're ordered off as loafers.  
They've got no friends, their money's gone, and at their disappearing,  
They give three cheers for the river bends, then jog along till shearing.